SQUEE!
#4
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SQUEE! #4

!! the super amazing final issue !!

Hello. Thanks to vast improvements in communications technology, I am able to say these words to you STRAIGHT FROM HELL. That's right, I am in Los Angeles. I cannot remember being quite so unhappy geographically since that one time I was on Mars and the mask of my space suit cracked and my head imploded. See, but while that gave me an amusing memory, and the ability to pop my eyes out at will, being here in LA. can only lead to sweating and cursing. You know, they have road blocks at all entry points into the city, and if your tits aren't big and shitty looking enough, they implant you RIGHT THERE. I'm a goddamned 36 C now. I wasn't so big on San Jose, but at least the radio around the area was incredible. What do people in LA. listen to??!! I'm rotting away! I'm decomposing without the knowledge of what music to get anymore. If I'm going to be trapped in my room all day and night, I at least need some pretty noise to temper the lunacy that comes with being a drawing monkey. I've been here a few months now, and already I'm feeling the pull towards lighting myself on fire and getting in on that televised destruction action that seems so popular here. People can't just off themselves here without getting on FOX's latest feed-the-sickasses show. AND IT'S HOT!! I just refuse to sweat unless I'm doing something enjoyable. Here, just the act of saying, "WHEW!" sends copious amounts of goo streaming from every pore. SO you might be asking, " But Jhonen, you wretched sack of bones, why are you in Los Angeles at all?" After staring at you blankly for two hours and losing weight I can't afford to lose to the heat, I would tell you, " Muh...Zzzuuub....Flumpook bbbbublubub....." This would then be followed by zombie like moaning, which if you were a fellow zombie, you would understand to mean, " I am here strictly on business, experiencing the wonder and joy that is television animation." So while I sacrifice even more of that emaciated thing I remember as a social life, I stare out my windows at this blasted concrete landscape, thinking of ways to fuck up the kids of America. So life just keeps churning away and finding rocks to throw at my space mask. (Bear with me, people- I just REALLY need to vent) The only time I left this room was to have my hand riddled with stitches after I destroyed it with a broken glass. My friend was horrified to see that I had not cleaned up the blood that coated the kitchen. He cleaned it up himself, which gave me the idea to spew blood around the place whenever I thought it needed cleaning. So after being out of commission for awhile, waiting to heal up, I resumed work on this book. So now you hold it in your hands, wondering when I'm going to shut up. Hey kids, I want to thank you for putting up with my nonsense, and for sticking with the books.

I shut up now.

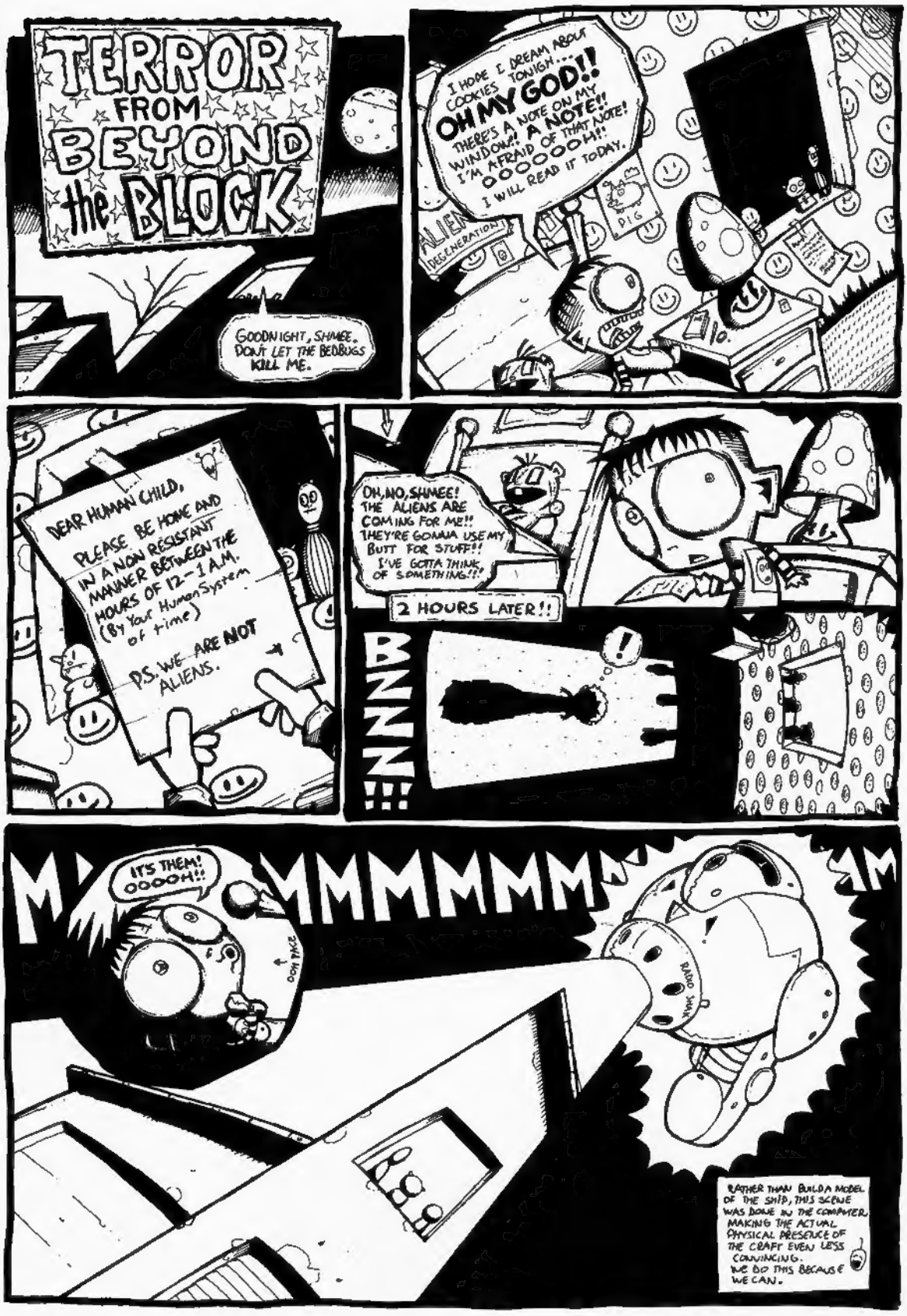
JHONEN VASQUEZ

non-explosive mail and smile making items should be sent to the Slave :abor address c/o Jhonen V.

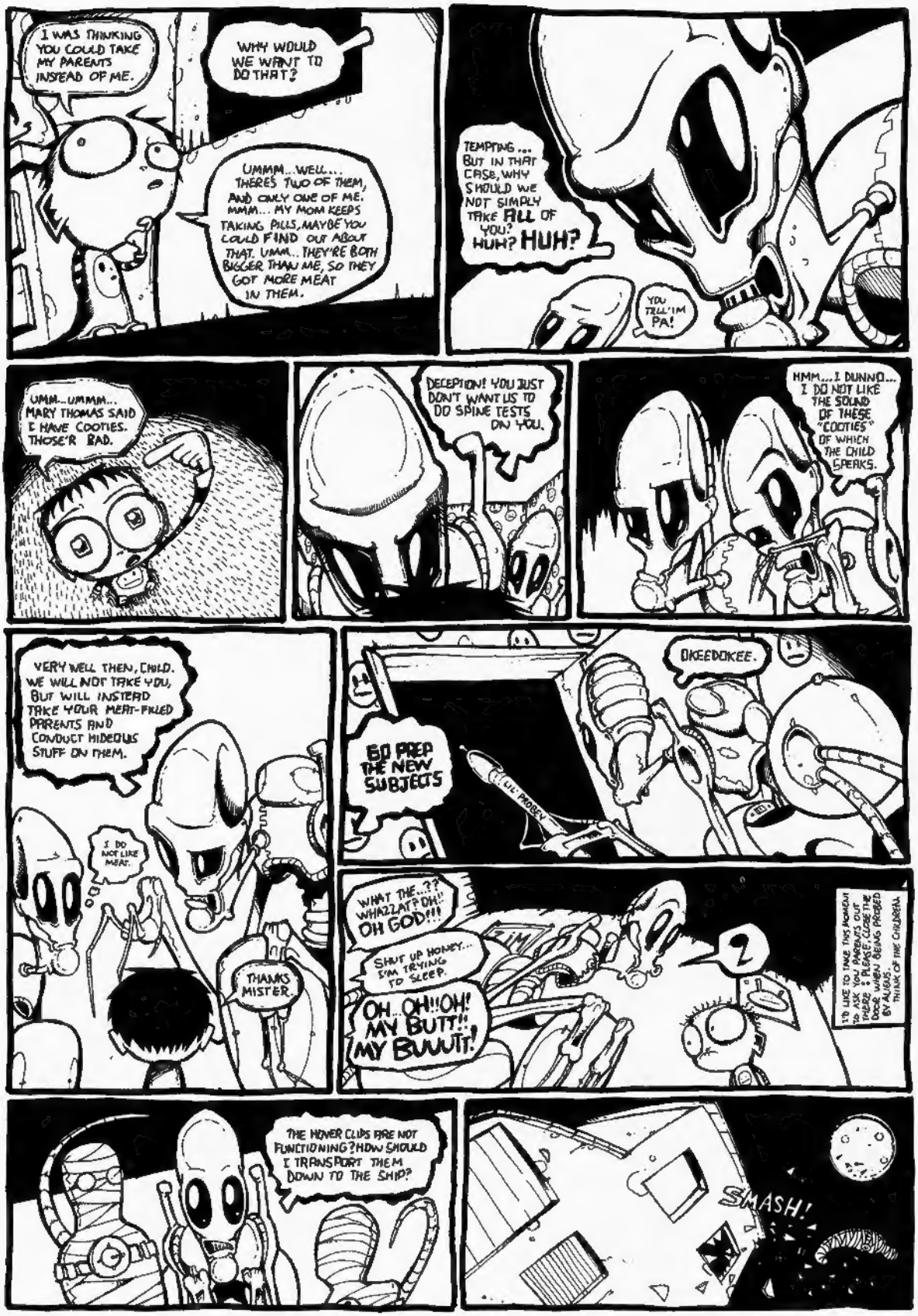
E-MAIL goes to:

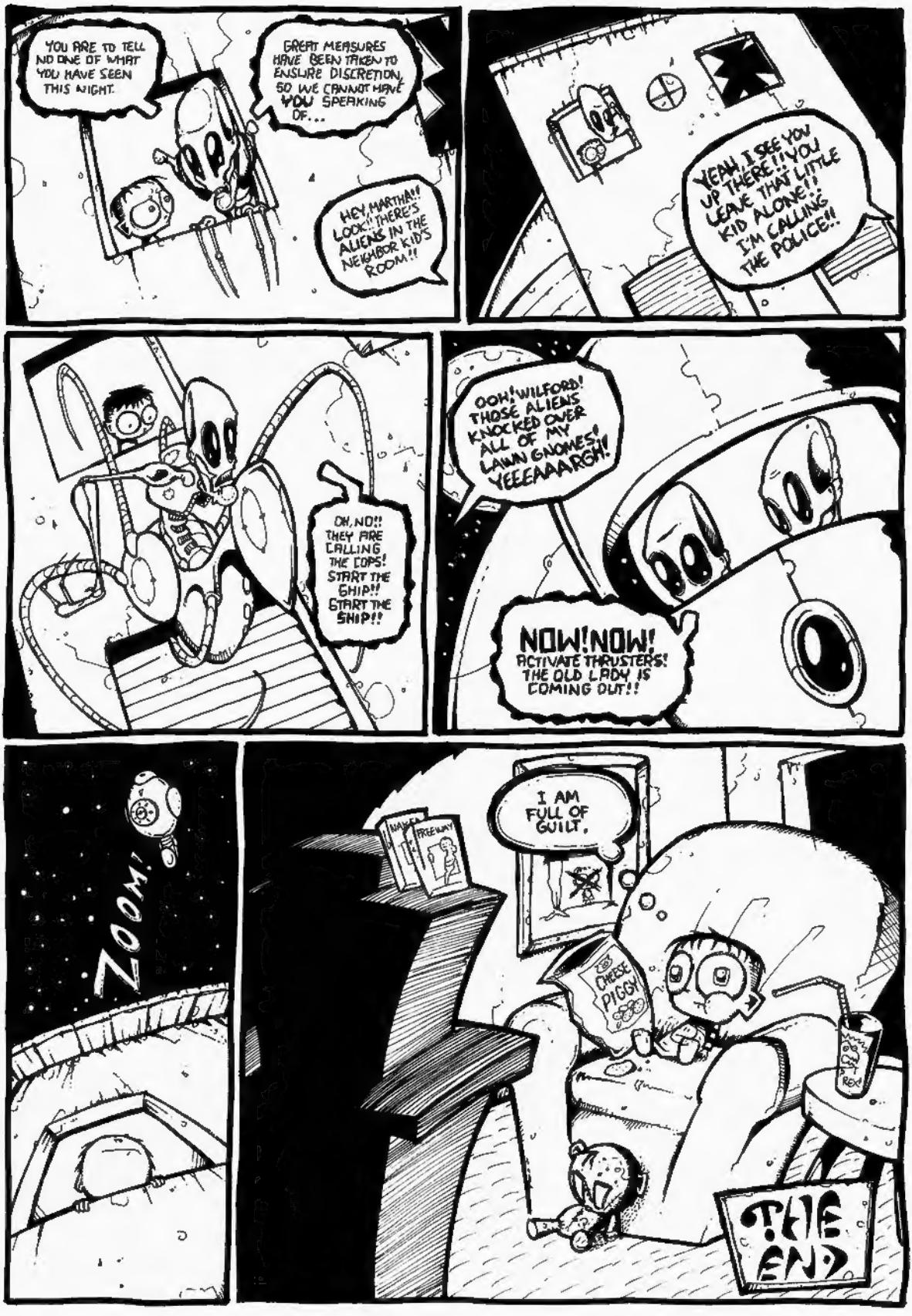
organizm@earhlink.net

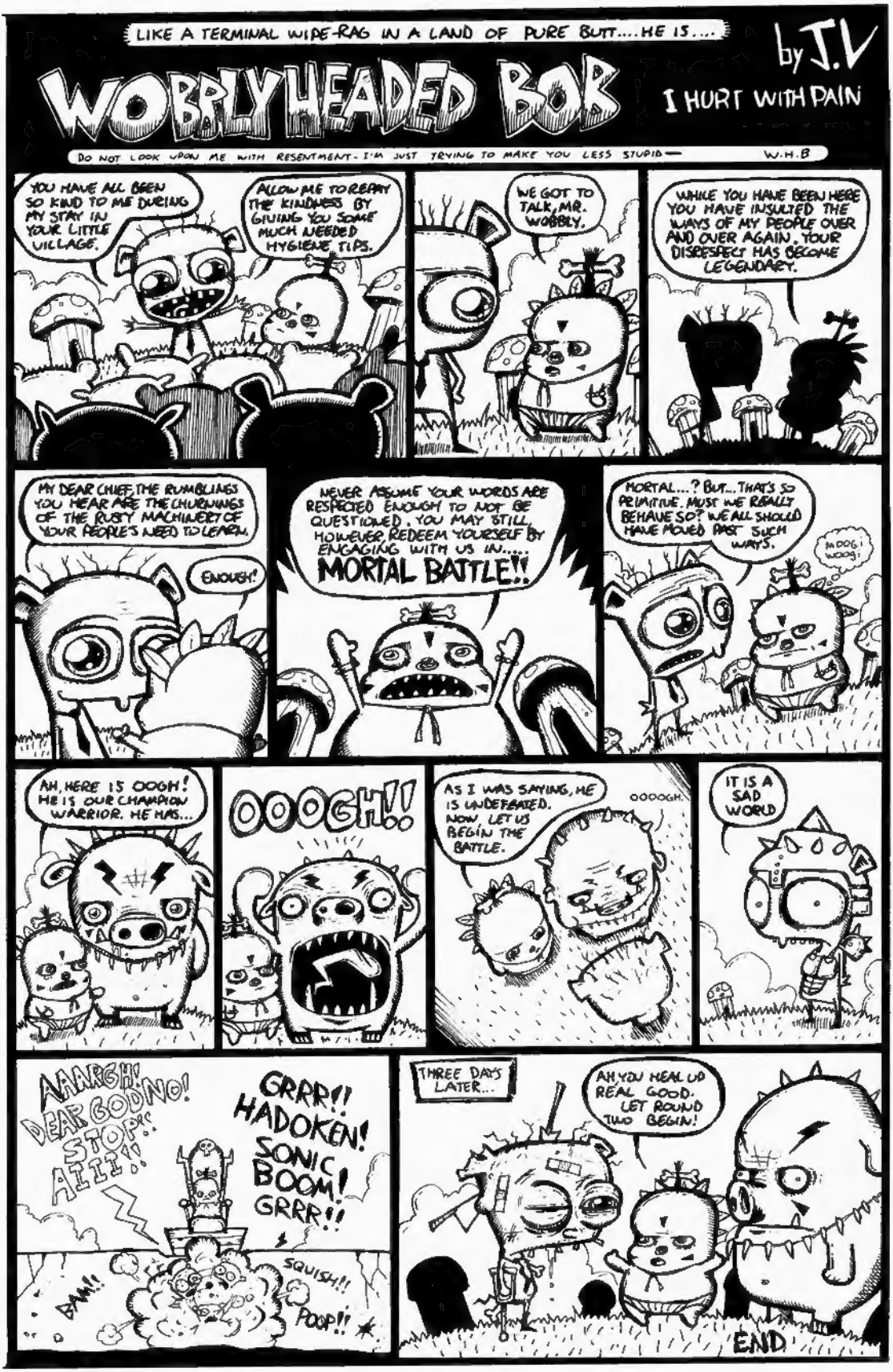
SQUEE!#4 May 1998 • Published by the C.H.U.D.S at Slave Labor Graphics 325 S. First St. #301, San Jose CA 95113-2830. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the written consent of Slave Labor Graphics or at least 12 of Jhonen's 31 virtually identical personalities, unless you are some seemingly brain damaged lubbert doing a hideous job of ripping off JTHM. This book is printed by Canadians in Canada, where you never get sick, you won't grow old, and you never die. This house is infested with fucking ants!! I mean it, these ants...they fuck you!! I wake up and I'm just black with ants trying to get a piece of my action. I hate it here. That one ant is pretty cute, but.....come on.


TERROR FROM BEYOND the BLOCK
GOODNIGHT, SHMEE. DON'T LET THE BEDBUGS KILL ME.
I HOPE I DREAM ABOUT COOKIES TONIGH... OH MY GOD!! THERE'S A NOTE ON MY WINDOW!! A NOTE!! I'M AFRAID OF THAT NOTE! OOOOOOH!! I WILL READ IT TODAY.
ALIEN DEGENERATION
PIG
DEAR HUMAN CHILD, PLEASE BE HOME AND IN A NON RESISTANT MANNER BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 12-1 A.M. (By Your Human System of time)
P.S. WE ARE NOT ALIENS.
OH, NO, SHMEE! THE ALIENS ARE COMING FOR ME!! THEY'RE GONNA USE MY BUTT FOR STUFF!! I'VE GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHING!!!
2 HOURS LATER!!
BNNN!!
MMMMMMMM
IT'S THEM! OOOOH!!
OOH NO!
RADIO SHACK
RATHER THAN BUILD A MODEL OF THE SHIP, THIS SCENE WAS DONE IN THE COMPUTER. MAKING THE ACTUAL PHYSICAL PRESENCE OF THE CRAFT EVEN LESS CONVINCING. WE DO THIS BECAUSE WE CAN.

WAIT! STOP!!
WHAT?! WHAT'S WRONG?! OH MY GOD!! OH MY GOD!!
OH, JUST GRAB HIM, YOU FOOL.
UHHH..
NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE ME! PLEASE DON'T TAKE ME AND MAKE ME PREGNANT! ALIEN BABIES ARE SCARY!!
NO MORE TRICKERY, HUMAN! HAND OVER YOUR INSIDES.
I...I HAVE A BETTER IDEA.
BETTER!? IMPOSSIBLE! OUR HEADS ARE MUCH LARGER THAN YOURS!
NOTHING MUCH IS HAPPENING IN THIS PANEL, AND YET, IT IS SO LARGE. I AM... CONFUSED.
I AM SICK AS I DRAW THIS. SO VERY SICK!!

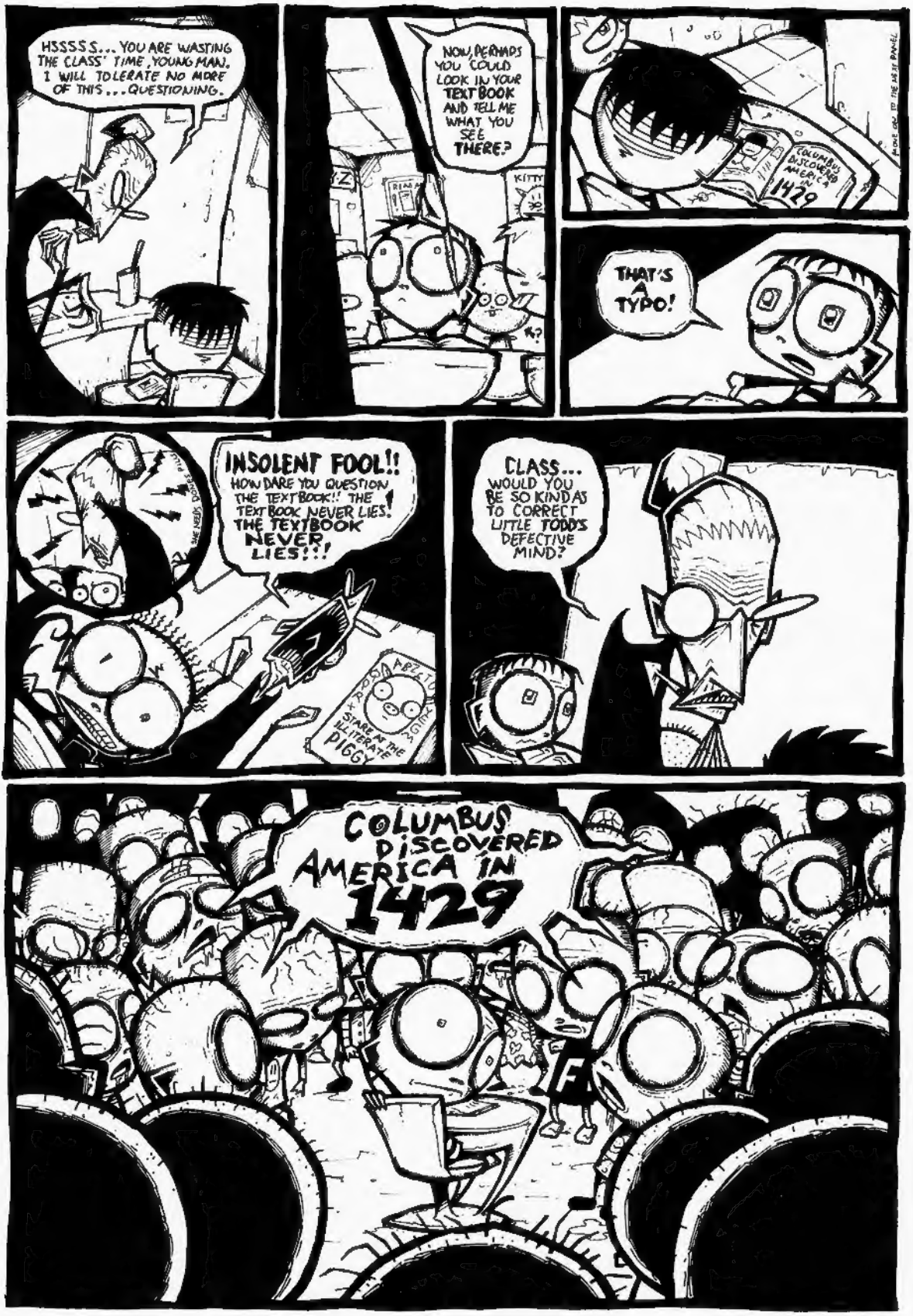

I WAS THINKING YOU COULD TAKE MY PARENTS INSTEAD OF ME.
WHY WOULD WE WANT TO DO THAT?
UMMM... WELL.... THERES TWO OF THEM, AND ONLY ONE OF ME. MMM... MY MOM KEEPS TAKING PILLS, MAYBE YOU COULD FIND OUT ABOUT THAT. UMM... THEY'RE BOTH BIGGER THAN ME, SO THEY GOT MORE MEAT IN THEM.
TEMPTING... BUT IN THAT CASE, WHY SHOULD WE NOT SIMPLY TAKE ALL OF YOU? HUH? HUH?
YOU TELL'IM PA!
UMM... UMMM... MARY THOMAS SAID I HAVE COOTIES. THOSE'R BAD.
DECEPTION! YOU JUST DON'T WANT US TO DO SPINE TESTS ON YOU.
HMM.... I DUNNO... I DO NOT LIKE THE SOUND OF THESE "COOTIES" OF WHICH THE CHILD SPEAKS.
VERY WELL THEN, CHILD. WE WILL NOT TAKE YOU, BUT WILL INSTEAD TAKE YOUR MEAT-FILLED PARENTS AND CONDUCT HIDEOUS STUFF ON THEM.
I DO NOT LIKE MEAT.
THANKS MISTER.
OKEEDOKEE.
GO PREP THE NEW SUBJECTS
LIL' PROBEY
WHAT THE...?? WHAZZAT? OH!! OH GOD!!!
SHUT UP HONEY... I'M TRYING TO SLEEP.
OH...OH!!OH! MY BUTT!! MY BUUUT!
I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS MOMENT TO ASK YOU PARENTS OUT THERE : PLEASE, CLOSE THE DOOR WHEN BEING PROBED BY ALIENS. THINK OF THE CHILDREN.
THE HOVER CLIPS ARE NOT FUNCTIONING? HOW SHOULD I TRANSPORT THEM DOWN TO THE SHIP?
SMASH!

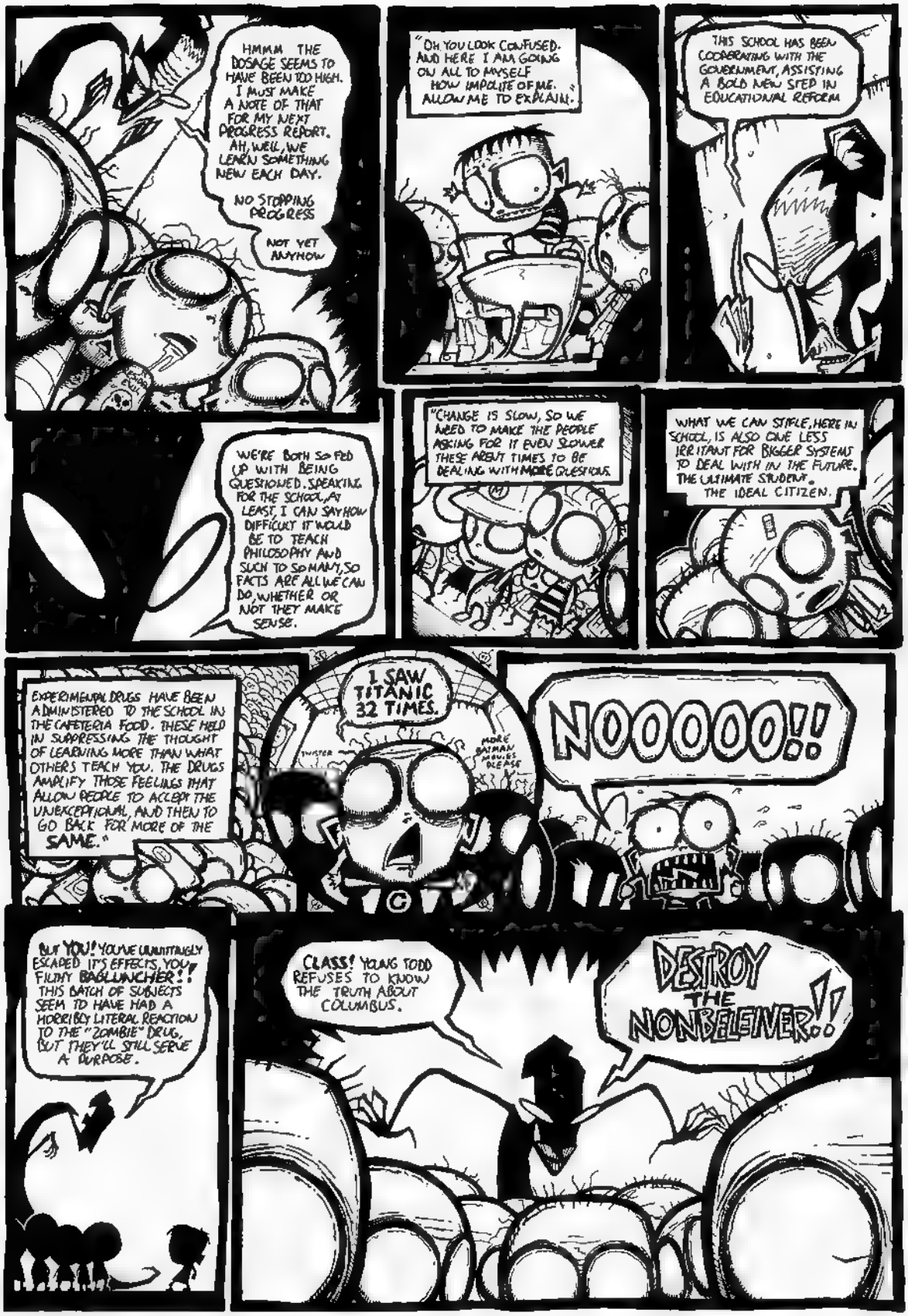

YOU ARE TO TELL NO ONE OF WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN THIS NIGHT.
GREAT MEASURES HAVE BEEN TAKEN TO ENSURE DISCRETION, SO WE CANNOT HAVE YOU SPEAKING OF...
HEY, MARTHA!! LOOK! THERE'S ALIENS IN THE NEIGHBOR KID'S ROOM!!
YEAH I SEE YOU UP THERE!! YOU LEAVE THAT LITTLE KID ALONE!! I'M CALLING THE POLICE!!
OH, NO!! THEY ARE CALLING THE COPS! START THE SHIP!! START THE SHIP!!
OOH! WILFORD! THOSE ALIENS KNOCKED OVER ALL OF MY LAWN GNOMES! YEEEAAARGH!
NOW! NOW! ACTIVATE THRUSTERS! THE OLD LADY IS COMING OUT!!
ZOOM!
I AM FULL OF GUILT.
WALKER
FREEWAY
CHEESE PIGGY
REX!
THE END

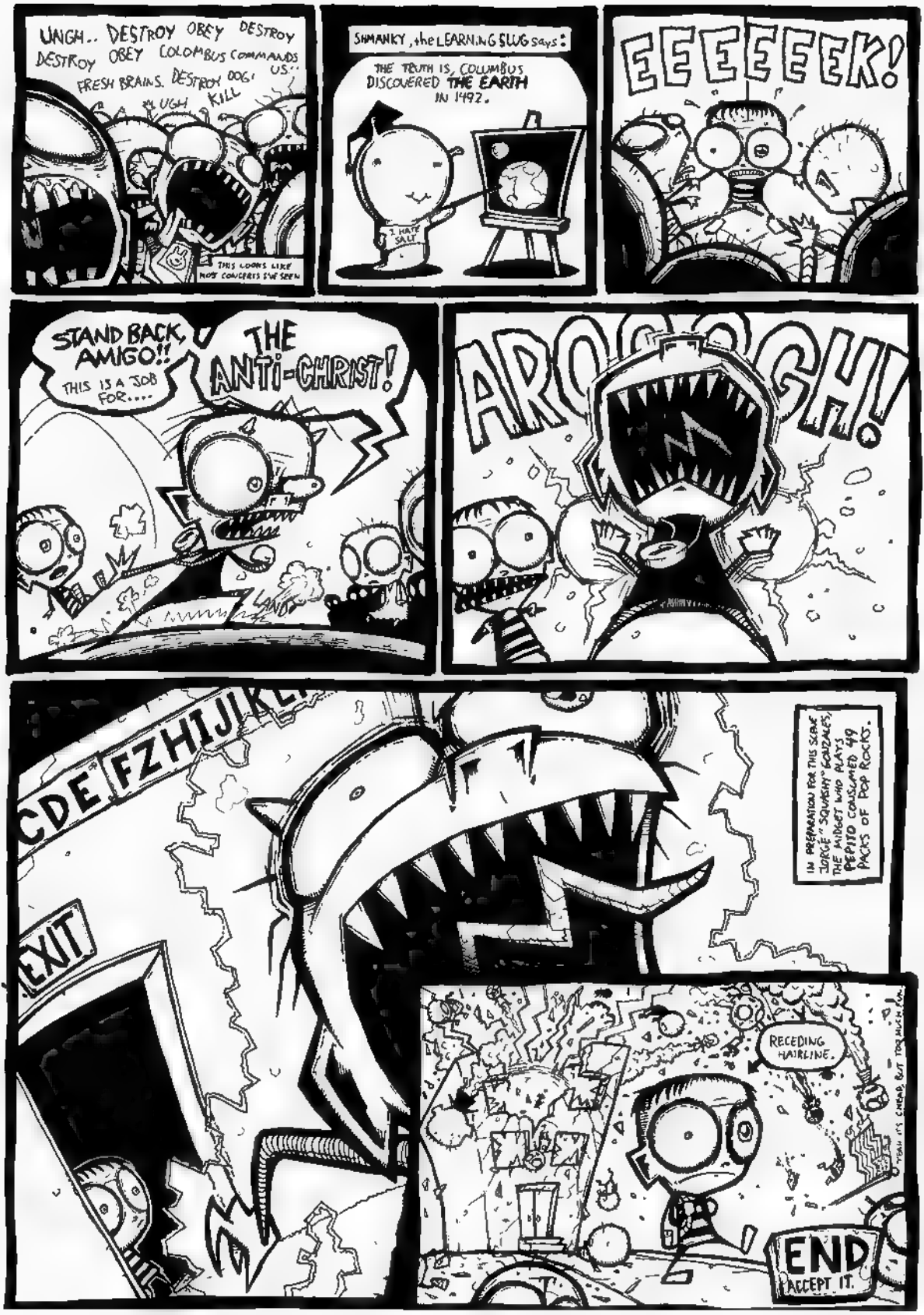

LIKE A TERMINAL WIDE-RAG IN A LAND OF PURE BUTT.... HE IS....
WOBBLYHEADED BOB
by J.V
I HURT WITH PAIN
DO NOT LOOK UPON ME WITH RESENTMENT- I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE YOU LESS STUPID— W.H.B
YOU HAVE ALL BEEN SO KIND TO ME DURING MY STAY IN YOUR LITTLE VILLAGE.
ALLOW ME TO REPAY THE KINDNESS BY GIVING YOU SOME MUCH NEEDED HYGIENE TIPS.
WE GOT TO TALK, MR. WOBBLY.
WHILE YOU HAVE BEEN HERE YOU HAVE INSULTED THE WAYS OF MY PEOPLE OVER AND OVER AGAIN. YOUR DISRESPECT HAS BECOME LEGENDARY.
MY DEAR CHIEF, THE RUMBLINGS YOU HEAR ARE THE CHURNINGS OF THE RUSTY MACHINERY OF YOUR PEOPLE'S NEED TO LEARN.
ENOUGH!
NEVER ASSUME YOUR WORDS ARE RESPECTED ENOUGH TO NOT BE QUESTIONED. YOU MAY STILL, HOWEVER REDEEM YOURSELF BY ENGAGING WITH US IN.... MORTAL BATTLE!!
MORTAL...? BUT... THAT'S SO PRIMITIVE. MUST WE REALLY BEHAVE SO? WE ALL SHOULD HAVE MOVED PAST SUCH WAYS.
MDOG! WOOG!
AH, HERE IS OOGH! HE IS OUR CHAMPION WARRIOR. HE HAS...
OOOGH!!
AS I WAS SAYING, HE IS UNDEFEATED. NOW, LET US BEGIN THE BATTLE.
OOOOGH.
IT IS A SAD WORLD
AAARGH! DEAR GOD NO! STOP! AIII!!
GRRR!! HADOKEN! SONIC BOOM! GRRR!!
BAM!!
SQUISH!!
POOP!!
THREE DAYS LATER...
AH YOU HEAL UP REAL GOOD. LET ROUND TWO BEGIN!
END

PLAYGROUND FUN!
WE DON'T WANT SQUEE, YOU PICK 'IM!
YOU CAN KEEP 'IM, DUDE. WE DON'T WANT 'IM EITHER.
I DON'T EVEN LIKE BASEBALL.
FAGGOT BUTT!!
HEH... FAGGOT BUTT
SHOVE!!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
I SAW WHAT THOSE BOYS DID TO YOU, TODD.
I THOUGHT IT WAS REAL FUNNY.
HEEYAHA!! HAHA!! HEE! HEEE YAGH!
LEVITATING ON PURE EVIL
CRACK!!
WOW!! THAT'S A HOME RUN!! WHOOHOO!!
BROREH!! HAHAHA!! VOOORGH!!
BLAM!!
OOF!!
GIGGLE... GIIGGLE... GGIGGLE...
Giggling but Feeling Guilty
OOOOGH...
BLEEEARGH...
TEN SECONDS LATER IN CHINA
EEEEEK!
END.

ANOTHER VALUABLE LESSON
TODD!.... TODD!...
QUIT BEING CREATIVE AND MEMORIZE INFORMATION LIKE A ZOMBIE. I SWEAR, YOU AND THOSE LITTLE STORIES YOU WRITE.
MONKEY
HAD YOU BEEN PAYING ATTENTION, YOU WOULD HAVE HEARD ME ASK YOU WHEN COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA. PERHAPS NOW YOU WILL ANSWER THE QUESTION?
IN 1492, COLUMBUS SAILED THE...
UM... COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA IN 1492.
CLASS, GIGGLE VENEMOUSLY AT YOUNG TODD HERE, FOR HE IS INCORRECT. THE PROPER RESPONSE IS 1429. 1429.
???
NOW, ONCE AGAIN.. WHEN DID CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS DISCOVER AMERICA?
UHHH... NO.. REALLY, IT WAS 1492. HE DISCOVERED AMERICA IN 1492.
UMM... HOW DID HE DISCOVER IT IF THERE WERE ALREADY PEOPLE THERE?


HSSSSS... YOU ARE WASTING THE CLASS' TIME, YOUNG MAN. I WILL TOLERATE NO MORE OF THIS... QUESTIONING.
NOW, PERHAPS YOU COULD LOOK IN YOUR TEXTBOOK AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE THERE?
KITTY
K?
COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA IN 1429
THAT'S A TYPO!
INSOLENT FOOL!! HOW DARE YOU QUESTION THE TEXTBOOK!! THE TEXTBOOK NEVER LIES! THE TEXTBOOK NEVER LIES!!!
STARE AT THE ILLITERATE PIGGY
CLASS... WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO CORRECT LITTLE TODD'S DEFECTIVE MIND?
COLUMBUS DISCOVERED AMERICA IN 1429
F


HMMM THE DOSAGE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN TOO HIGH. I MUST MAKE A NOTE OF THAT FOR MY NEXT PROGRESS REPORT. AH, WELL, WE LEARN SOMETHING NEW EACH DAY.
NO STOPPING PROGRESS
NOT YET ANYHOW
"OH YOU LOOK CONFUSED. AND HERE I AM GOING ON ALL TO MYSELF HOW IMPOLITE OF ME. ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN.
THIS SCHOOL HAS BEEN COOPERATING WITH THE GOVERNMENT, ASSISTING A BOLD NEW STEP IN EDUCATIONAL REFORM
WE'RE BOTH SO FED UP WITH BEING QUESTIONED. SPEAKING FOR THE SCHOOL, AT LEAST, I CAN SAY HOW DIFFICULT IT WOULD BE TO TEACH PHILOSOPHY AND SUCH TO SO MANY, SO FACTS ARE ALL WE CAN DO, WHETHER OR NOT THEY MAKE SENSE.
"CHANGE IS SLOW, SO WE NEED TO MAKE THE PEOPLE ASKING FOR IT EVEN SLOWER THESE ARENT TIMES TO BE DEALING WITH MORE QUESTIONS.
WHAT WE CAN STIFLE, HERE IN SCHOOL, IS ALSO ONE LESS IRRITANT FOR BIGGER SYSTEMS TO DEAL WITH IN THE FUTURE. THE ULTIMATE STUDENT. THE IDEAL CITIZEN.
EXPERIMENTAL DRUGS HAVE BEEN ADMINISTERED TO THE SCHOOL IN THE CAFETERIA FOOD. THESE HELP IN SUPPRESSING THE THOUGHT OF LEARNING MORE THAN WHAT OTHERS TEACH YOU. THE DRUGS AMPLIFY THOSE FEELINGS THAT ALLOW PEOPLE TO ACCEPT THE UNEXCEPTIONAL, AND THEN TO GO BACK FOR MORE OF THE SAME."
I SAW TITANIC 32 TIMES.
MORE BATMAN MOVIES PLEASE
NOOOOO!!
BUT YOU! YOU'VE UNWITTINGLY ESCAPED IT'S EFFECTS, YOU FILTHY BAGLUNCHER!! THIS BATCH OF SUBJECTS SEEM TO HAVE HAD A HORRIBLY LITERAL REACTION TO THE "ZOMBIE" DRUG, BUT THEY'LL STILL SERVE A PURPOSE.
CLASS! YOUNG TODD REFUSES TO KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT COLUMBUS.
DESTROY THE NONBELIEVER!!


UNGH.. DESTROY OBEY DESTROY DESTROY OBEY COLOMBUS COMMANDS
FRESH BRAINS. DESTROY OOG! US" UGH KILL
THIS LOOKS LIKE MOST CONCERTS I'VE SEEN
SHMANKY, the LEARNING $LUG says:
THE TRUTH IS, COLUMBUS DISCOVERED THE EARTH IN 1492.
I HATE SALT
EEEEEEEK!
STAND BACK, AMIGO!!
THIS IS A JOB FOR....
THE ANTI-CHRIST!
ARGGGH!
CDEFZHIJKL
EXIT
IN PREPARATION FOR THIS SCENE JORGE "SQUASHY" GONZALES, THE MIDGET WHO PLAYS PEPITO CONSUMED 49 PACKS OF POP ROCKS.
RECEDING HAIRLINE.
YEAH IT'S CHEAP, BUT YOU NEVER KNOW.
END
ACCEPT IT.

MEANWHILE...

BY N.V.

SOMEWHERE NOT IN A HUMAN COLON.

IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE ONE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL COMIC I DID SOME BOOKS AGO DID NOT KILL OFF THE CURIOSITY IN THOSE INTERESTED IN THE LEAST INTERESTING SUBJECT I COULD BASE MY WORK ON- MY ACTUAL LIFE. SO ONCE AGAIN I SHALL GIVE YOU A SMALL PEEK INTO MY PERSONAL, REAL LIFE, DEVOID OF ANY EMBELLISHMENT THAT MIGHT POSSIBLY MAKE IT AMUSING

JHanon

Hey, FUCKHEAD,

JOHNEN, YOUR BOOKS USED TO FUCKIN' ROCK. BUT NOW I THINK YOUR JUST PUTTING OUT SHIT. YOU PROMISED SOME ASS AROUND SON OF A BITCH! I MAILED YOU BEFORE BUT YOU DIDN'T REPLY! WHO THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? YOU OWE ME, CUZ I BUY YOUR SHIT, AND GIVE YOU MONEY!! YOU FUCK AND I HATE IT WHEN YOU TRY DIFFERENT STYLES. LIKE WHEN YOU [illegible] ALL WITH BRUSHES. THAT WAS SHIT. I DON'T READ ANYTHING THAT DOESN'T HAVE PICTURES IN IT. SO I DEMAND THAT THE ARTWORK NOT BE SHITTY. YOU SUCK NOW THAT YOU'RE NOT SPENDING. I LIKED IT WHEN I FELT I WAS THE ONLY ONE BUYING YOUR SHIT, BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE KNOWN BY [illegible] I WANT TO SEE YOU FAIL. I'M INSULTING YOU, THINKING YOU'LL NOTHEME MORE SHAPE UP, YOU ASSHOLE, OR YOU'LL LOSE THIS PARTICULAR FAN. YOU FUCK.

NOOOOOO!!! I'VE LOST THE RESPECT OF THIS IMPOLITE SPECIAL ED STUDENT!? I HAVE NO VALID REASON TO LIVE!!

THANK YOU, LORD FOR SARCASM.

GREETINGS MASSTER.

PLEASE EXCUSE MY SPELLING AND ENGLASH, I GRADUATED FROM [illegible] AMER CAN SCHOL SOSTIM. I LOVE YOUR BOOKS MY DOG. YOU MUST LIKE SOM FUCKED UP SHIT, MAN BECAUSE I'M LIKE YOU. IF WHERE DO YOU LIVE? I COULD VISIT YOU AND WE COULD [illegible] SOME FUCKED UP SHIT YOU KNOW? I'M 17 YEARS OLD AND I'M BALD. THAT'S FUCKED YOU KNOW? MAN, I'M INTOO SOME PRETY FUCKED UP SHIT!! MAN!" I DON'T GIVE A FUCK, YOU KNOW? THAT'S JUST ME. FUCK THEM. WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

SHIT. GOTTA GET ME A NEW LOONY BOX.

LOONY BOX

HELLO, JOHNEN

I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH I ENJOY YOUR BOOKS I OWN EVERYTHING OF YOURS, NEIL GOOMANS, AND ALL THE OTHER REQUIRED READING WHEN YOU SIGN ON TO BE A SPOOKY PERSON. I'VE ALSO BEGUN SMOKING AND DOING SPEED I DON'T LIKE SMOKING, BUT HEY, WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO, RIGHT? THIS ISN'T ABOUT STANDING OUT, IT'S ABOUT BLENDING IN WITH OUTCASTS. I'M SUICIDAL BY THE WAY I'M ON MEDICATION RIGHT NOW, BUT EVERYONE TELLS ME IT'S JUST SKITTLES. I WANT TO DIE, BUT I ALSO WANT TO BE ALIVE TO SAY HOW MUCH I HATE LIVING

THANKS. NIGHTASS

DIIIE. JUST DIIIE.

DEAR, JOHNEN

HI. MY FIRST TIME WRITING ANY FAN MAIL TO ANYBODY, SO I JUST WANTED TO SAY THANKS FOR CREATING STHM AND SQUEE I WISH I COULD MARRY [illegible] CUZ I THINK HE IS JUST MY TYPE I KNOW WE WOULD GET ALONG JUST FINE. HE IS SO CUTE I'VE NEVER MET YOU, BUT I THINK WE WOULD GET ALONG TOO. IF YOU EVER DO A SIGNING NEAR HERE, GIVE ME A CALL AND WE COULD [illegible] I WOULD HAVE SEX WITH YOU I THINK I CAN LOVE YOU I THINK I LOVE YOU AND WOULD DO WHATEVER YOU ASKED ME TO. IF YOU'D LIKE, I COULD SEND YOU PICTURES OF ME NAKED I REALLY WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU, BECAUSE I REALLY WANT TO MEET YOU I LIKE THE WAY YOU DO STUFF.

PG 1 OF 15

FRIGHTENED SICKENED [illegible] ASLEEP

TO JOANON,

[illegible]ING TO TELL YOU [illegible] BIG FAN I AM OF YOUR PRODUCT. I HAVE ALL OF YOUR FIRST PRINTINGS IN PROTECTIVE TITANIUM CASES BURIED DEEP WITHIN THE EARTH. I HAVE NEVER READ ANY OF THE BOOKS, BUT I KNOW THEY ARE WORTH MONEY, [illegible]D LOOK FORWARD TO [illegible]N THEY GO FARTHER UP [illegible]ALUE.

[illegible] HAVE READ ON THE [illegible]NTERNET THAT YOU ARE [illegible]PRICK.

TWITCHING CRACKBABY!? THIS IS JUST AWFUL!! I NEED A BREAK. MAYBE TAKE A WALK OR FIRE A DEATHRAY AT THE EARTH. YEAH, I THINK I'LL DO THAT DEATHRAY THING.

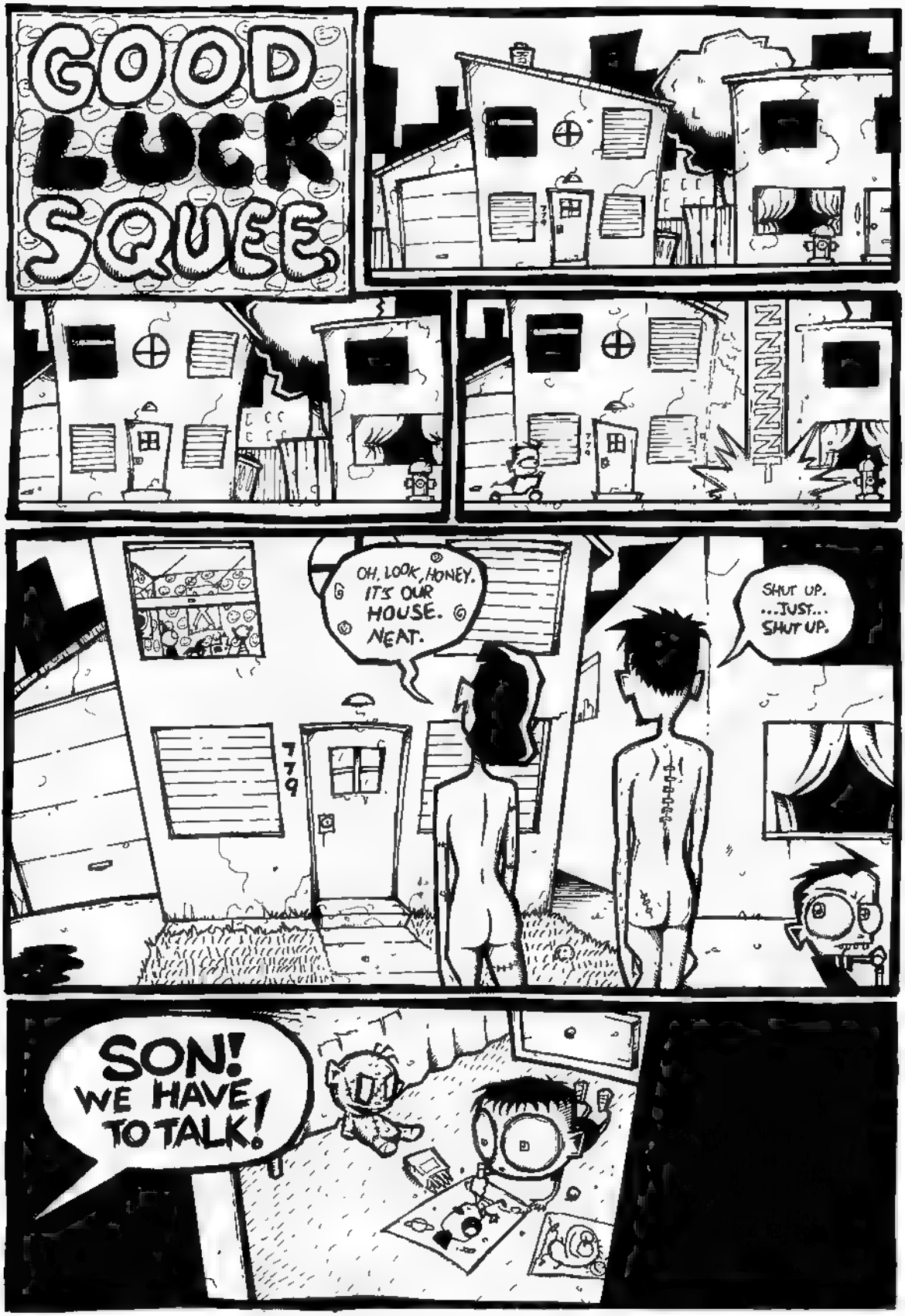
CRY

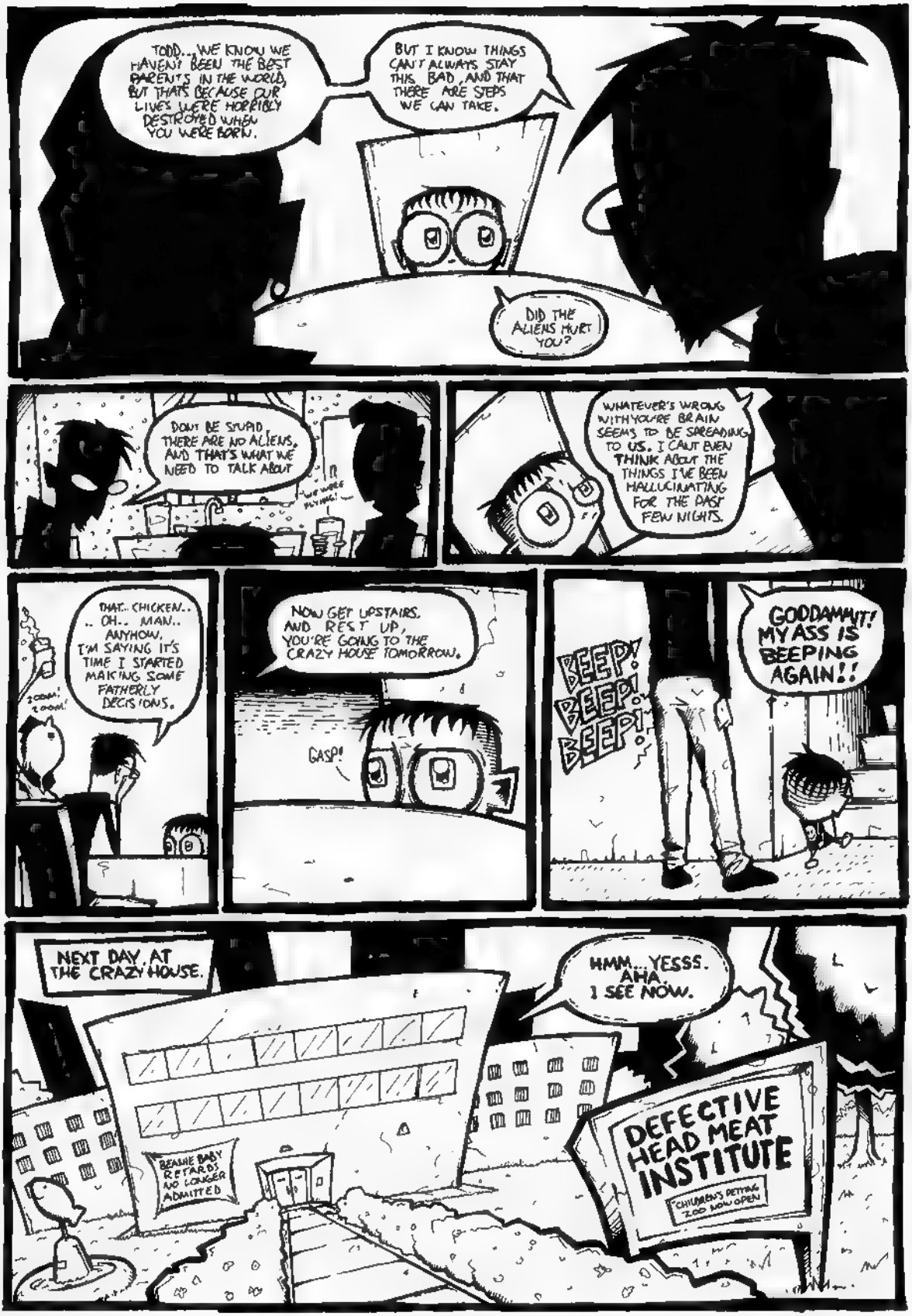
HOLOGRADHIC PROJECTION SYSTEM OFF.
ZZZZZT
MUCH BETTER.
NOW, COMPUTER, TARGET EARTH FOR SOME BAD SHIT.
SUPER BASTARD BEAM NOW CHARGING.
DIRTY NEURON
THIS SHOULD BE AMUSING
IN SNO-CONE'S ACTUALLY A LITTLE SMALLER
ALERT! ALER
RT! ALERT! A
WHAT THE??
HULL BREECH SECTOR 9. DAMAGE REPORT: SNO-CONE MAKER DESTROYED.
NO!
IN SNO-CONE SECTOR 9
WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON IN.. OH, BLOODY REAM!
HEY, JOHANN.

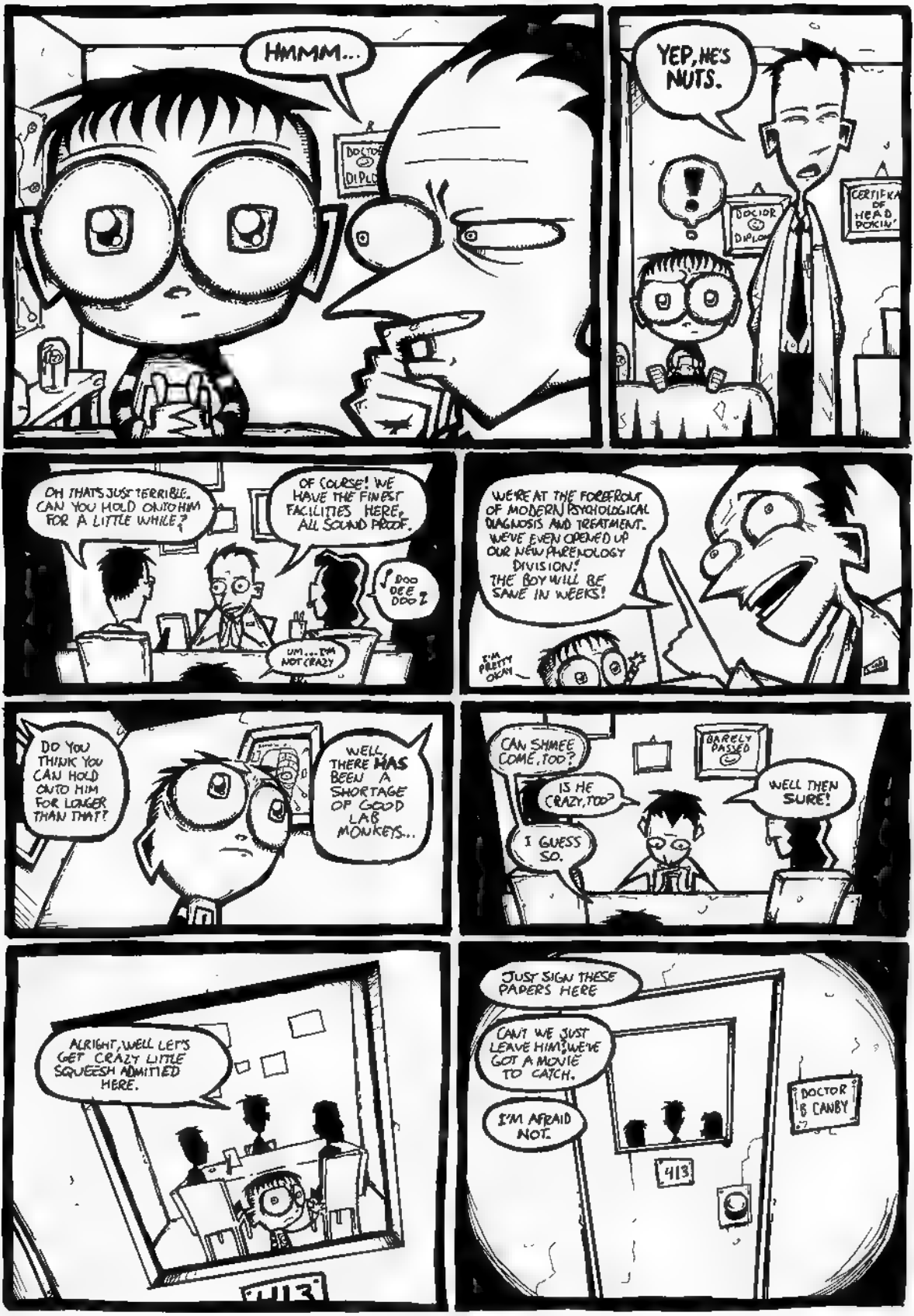
I WROTE YOU A LETTER YESTERDAY AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T REPLIED.
OH COME ON!
YOU DIDN'T SIGN ALL SO OF MY COPIES WHEN YOUR HAND WAS CUT. HOW DARE YOU BE HUMAN.
OH, COME ON!
HAPPY NOODLE BOY SUCKS.
OH, CO... WAIT, OKAY, I'LL GIVE YOU THAT.
DUDE, IT'S NOT JUST THAT - YOU JUST PLAIN SUCK, AND BECAUSE I THINK SO, EVERYONE SHOULD THINK SO.
SSSSS
DON'T MOVE, THERE'S A FLY ON YOUR NOSE.
ZZT!
OH, GOD NO!! A FLY!! GET IT OFF! GET IT..
SEE, HIS MOTHER WAS KILLED BY A FLY SO HE'S KINDA SCARED
ZOOOTCH!!
I LIKE ZOOTCH
SO CLEVER.. WE CANNOT FIGHT HIM INDIVIDUALLY MUST ATTACK AS ONE. MUST.. STOP.. BLEEDING.
KISS MODEY
GRRR!
GROWL!!
GRRRR!
I HAVE NOODLE IDEA FOR YOU.
SHOW ME WHAT YOU GOT, UM... YOU. STORKS!!
OH MAN, THAT JUST WASN'T COOL
HELL FANS! UNITE AND FORM OBSESSOR!

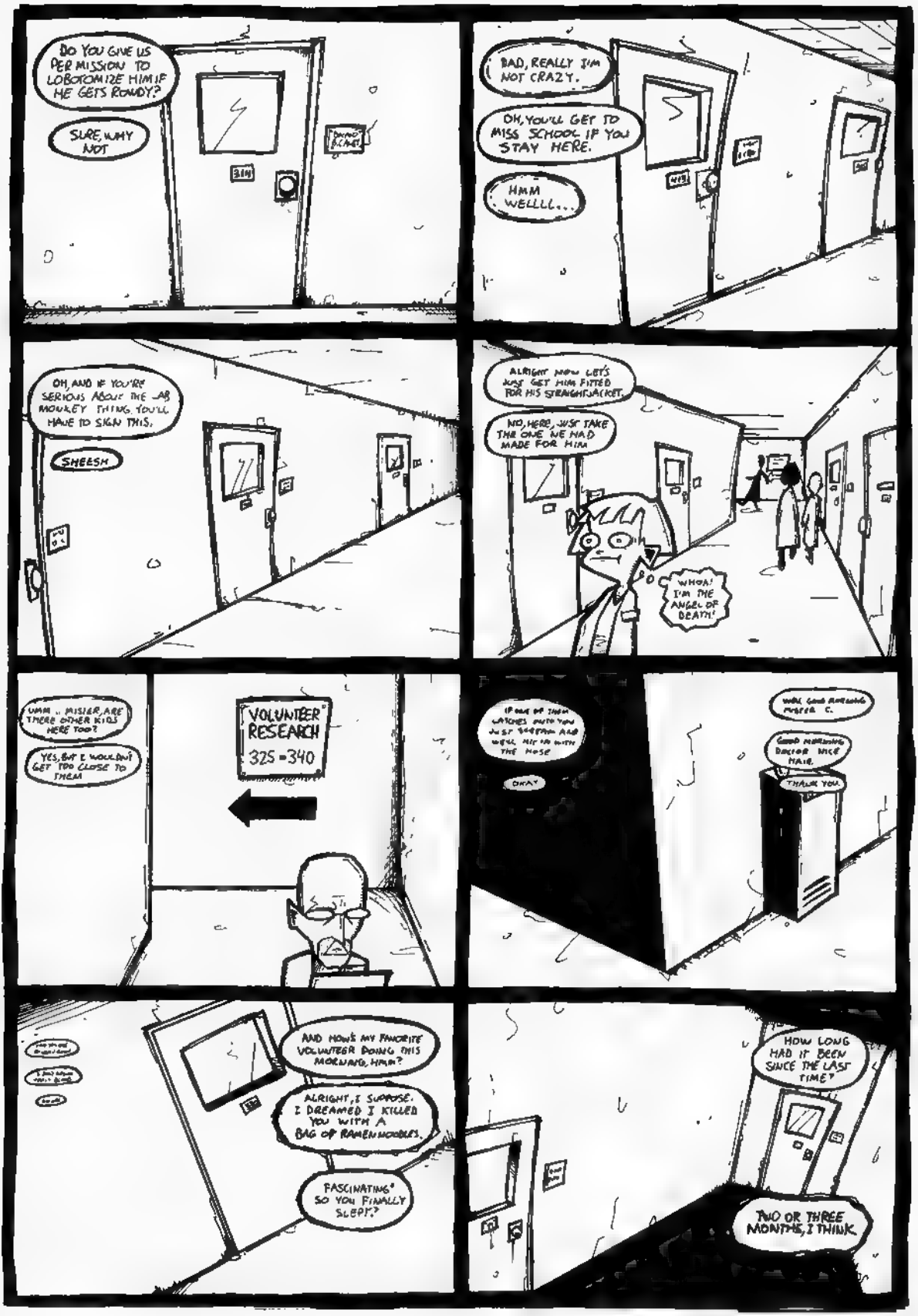
I'LL FORM THE HEAD AND TORSOE!!
I'LL FORM THE ARMS!!
FACT: I've got a massive headache
I'LL FORM THE LEGS! I GUESS.
I WILL BE ZEE LITTLE PIGGY TOE!!
AND I'LL FORM THE ASS!!
I AM OBSESSOR! DRAW ME SKETCH!!
SKETCH PAD
MY GOD! HIS ASS IS HUGE! ACTIVATE HAPPY NOODLE ARMOR!!
ZOOT!!
BROOM!!
ROT! IT'S TOO STRONG I'M HUNGRY.
HA! HA! HA!

OH, GOD, NO!!
SLUNCH!!
ONLY THE STATION'S DEATHRAY CAN DESTROY HIM, BUT IF I USE THAT, I WON'T BE ABLE TO WIPE OUT THE EARTH UNTIL TOMORROW!!! WHAT TO DO!! AAAARGH!!
COMPUTER!! TARGET OBSESSOR AND FIRE NOW!!
YOU SUCK VASQUEZ!! YOU SUCK!! YOU CAN'T DRAW!! AND I HATE YOU FOR MAKING ME BUY THE BAD ART COLLECTION!!
IF YOU DON'T GET THIS JOKE, GO OUT AND BUY THE BAD ART BOOKS! AVAILABLE WHERE FINE BOOKS ARE SOLD
BZOOP!!
AARGH!
YOU WERE LUCKY THIS TIME, EARTH, BUT SOON YOU WILL KNOW MY STRENGTH!! NOTHING STOPS ME. NOTHING RULES ME!! I AM BOSS! I AM...
RING RING
HELLO? OH, HI, DAN, UMM .. THE BOOK'LL BE DONE SOON! TWO MORE DAYS, I SWEAR! NO, REALLY.
END


GOOD LUCK SQUEE
ZZZZZZZT
OH, LOOK, HONEY. IT'S OUR HOUSE. NEAT.
SHUT UP. ...JUST... SHUT UP.
779
SON! WE HAVE TO TALK!


TODD... WE KNOW WE HAVEN'T BEEN THE BEST PARENTS IN THE WORLD, BUT THAT'S BECAUSE OUR LIVES WERE HORRIBLY DESTROYED WHEN YOU WERE BORN.
BUT I KNOW THINGS CAN'T ALWAYS STAY THIS BAD, AND THAT THERE ARE STEPS WE CAN TAKE.
DID THE ALIENS HURT YOU?
DON'T BE STUPID, THERE ARE NO ALIENS, AND THAT'S WHAT WE NEED TO TALK ABOUT
WE WERE FLYING!
WHATEVER'S WRONG WITH YOU'RE BRAIN SEEMS TO BE SPREADING TO US. I CAN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT THE THINGS I'VE BEEN HALLUCINATING FOR THE PAST FEW NIGHTS.
THAT.. CHICKEN.. .. OH.. MAN.. ANYHOW, I'M SAYING IT'S TIME I STARTED MAKING SOME FATHERLY DECISIONS.
ZOOM! ZOOM!
NOW GET UPSTAIRS, AND REST UP, YOU'RE GOING TO THE CRAZY HOUSE TOMORROW.
GASP!
BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!
GODDAMMIT! MY ASS IS BEEPING AGAIN!!
NEXT DAY, AT THE CRAZY HOUSE.
BEANIE BABY RETARDS NO LONGER ADMITTED
HMM... YESSS. AHA I SEE NOW.
DEFECTIVE HEAD MEAT INSTITUTE
CHILDREN'S PETTING ZOO NOW OPEN


HMMM...
YEP, HE'S NUTS.
OH THAT'S JUST TERRIBLE. CAN YOU HOLD ONTO HIM FOR A LITTLE WHILE?
OF COURSE! WE HAVE THE FINEST FACILITIES HERE, ALL SOUND PROOF.
♪ DOO DEE DOO ♪
UM... I'M NOT CRAZY
WE'RE AT THE FOREFRONT OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGICAL DIAGNOSIS AND TREATMENT. WE'VE EVEN OPENED UP OUR NEW PHRENOLOGY DIVISION! THE BOY WILL BE SANE IN WEEKS!
I'M PRETTY OKAY
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN HOLD ONTO HIM FOR LONGER THAN THAT?
WELL, THERE HAS BEEN A SHORTAGE OF GOOD LAB MONKEYS...
CAN SHMEE COME, TOO?
IS HE CRAZY, TOO?
I GUESS SO.
BARELY PASSED
WELL THEN SURE!
ALRIGHT, WELL LET'S GET CRAZY LITTLE SQUEESH ADMITTED HERE.
413
JUST SIGN THESE PAPERS HERE
CAN'T WE JUST LEAVE HIM? WE'VE GOT A MOVIE TO CATCH.
I'M AFRAID NOT.
413
DOCTOR B CANBY

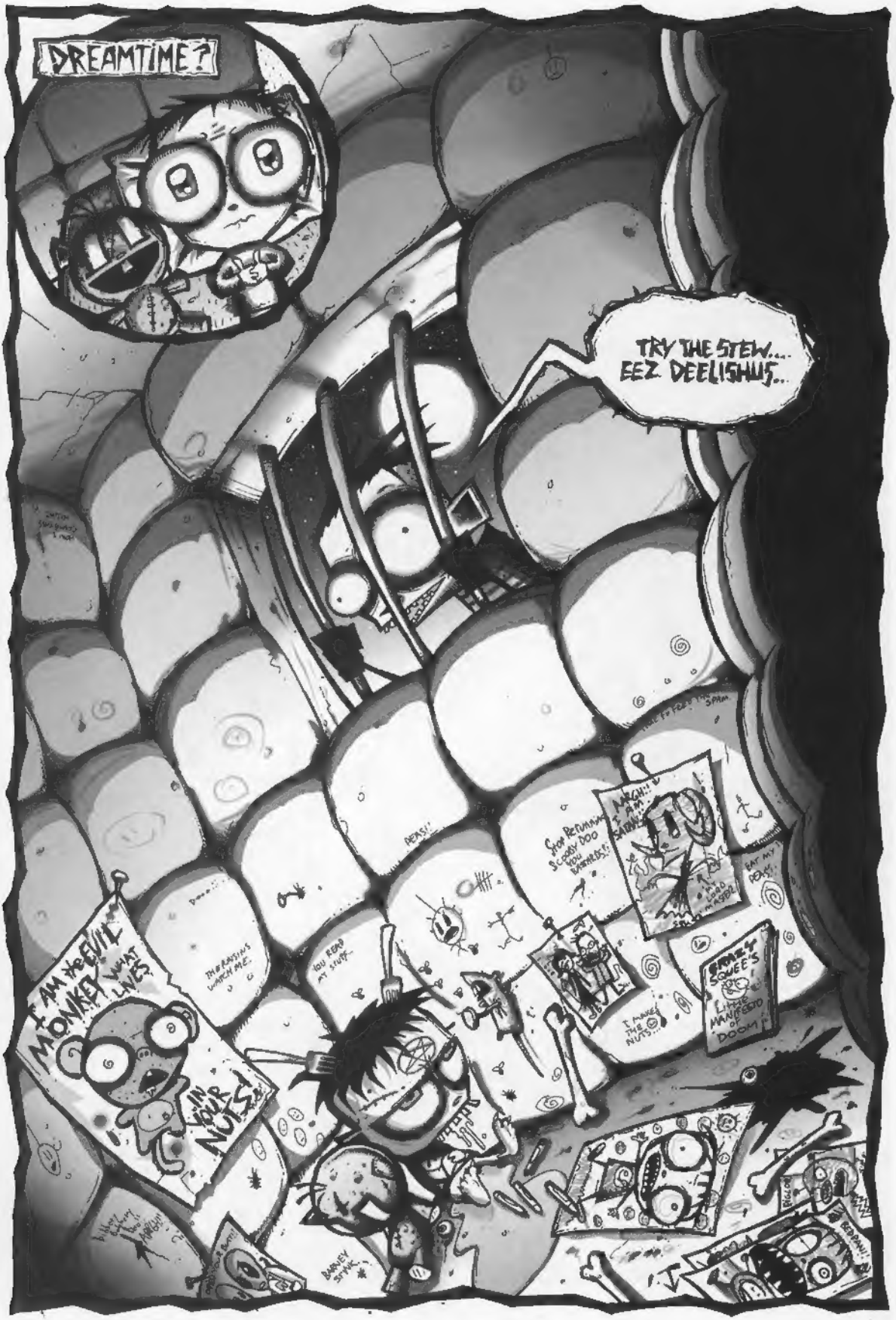

DO YOU GIVE US PER MISSION TO LOBOTOMIZE HIM IF HE GETS ROWDY?
SURE, WHY NOT
BAD, REALLY I'M NOT CRAZY.
OH, YOU'LL GET TO MISS SCHOOL IF YOU STAY HERE.
HMM WELLLL...
OH, AND IF YOU'RE SERIOUS ABOUT THE AB MONKEY THING, YOU'LL HAVE TO SIGN THIS.
SHEESH
ALRIGHT NOW LET'S JUST GET HIM FITTED FOR HIS STRAIGHTJACKET.
NO, HERE, JUST TAKE THE ONE WE HAD MADE FOR HIM
WHOA! I'M THE ANGEL OF DEATH!
UMM .. MISTER, ARE THERE OTHER KIDS HERE TOO?
YES, BUT I WOULDN'T GET TOO CLOSE TO THEM
VOLUNTEER RESEARCH 325 - 340
IF ONE OF THEM LATCHES ONTO YOU JUST SPRAY HIM WITH THE HOSE
OKAY
GOOD MORNING DOCTOR NICE HAIR.
THANK YOU.
AND HOW'S MY FAVORITE VOLUNTEER DOING THIS MORNING, HMM?
ALRIGHT, I SUPPOSE. I DREAMED I KILLED YOU WITH A BAG OF RAMEN NOODLES.
FASCINATING. SO YOU FINALLY SLEPT?
HOW LONG HAD IT BEEN SINCE THE LAST TIME?
TWO OR THREE MONTHS, I THINK.

I REALLY CAN'T BE SURE. COULD'VE BEEN A MILLION YEARS SO FAR AS I KNOW.
340
WELL, YOU SAID IT HAD JUST BEEN A FEW WEEKS BEFORE YOU CAME HERE.
OH WELL, IT'S BEEN FUN BEING HERE ANYHOW.
DOCTOR L. ENGLAND
340
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
DA BRAIN
WELL, THE THOUGHT OF STAYING AND GETTING TO EAT THE FREE FOOD THAT, I'M SURE COMES FROM THE UNCONTROLLABLE BOWEL WARD, IS TEMPTING. BUT I REALLY SHOULD LEAVE.
LEAVE?! BUT YOU'RE THE SHINING STAR OF THIS SLEEP STUDY! AND WE HAVEN'T NEARLY DOCUMENTED ALL OF THE DREAMS YOU HAD LAST TIME YOU SLEPT.
DREAMS. YEAH.
SLEEP

ANYHOW, PLEASE DON'T TRY TO CALL ME AT HOME.
I'LL BE VERY BUSY.
I AM
STUPID
OH OH. I DON'T LIKE THAT LOOK
HEY, KID! DON'T MOVE YOUR HEAD OR YOUR BRAIN WILL MELT.
AN END!

LENORE
IN...
"THE PEEPS"
BY..
ROMAN DIRGE
MUNCH MUNCHA MUNCH
PEEP / PEEP
PEEP PEEP
MUNCH MUNCH
PEEP PEEP
PEEP. PEEP! PEEP. PEEP!
PEEP
PEEP
PEEP

the REVENGE of the RETURN of the DEATH of HAPPY NOODLE BOY
by Johnny C.
DADDY? WILL YOU TELL ME THE STORY OF HAPPY NOODLE BOY AGAIN? OOOOOGH!!
YES, MY HIDEOUSLY MALFORMED SON. WAIT.. NO I WON'T.
MEANWHILE, IN HIS SECRET GIANT WALNUT, OUR HERO LAYS HIS EGGS.
ARRR, ME MATEY!! ARRR!!
EGGY WEGGY FULL OF SMEGGY!! MY ZONE IS TINGLY WITH PRICKLES OF MADNESS. PEER..
SOON, MY SALAD BAR WILL BE ALL POWERFUL WITH MY BUTTER HIDES IN YOUR ASS TONIGHT!!! FEAR MY NUT!!
ARR!! WE'VE LOST CONTACT WITH OUR COLONY IN THE GIANT WALNUT!!
YO! THAT'S FUCKED! LET'S GO!
YEEHAW.
THERE'S ONE OF THE MONSTERS!! KILL IT WITH YOUR DOPE-ASS SHIT!!
GRRR!
TREMBLE BEFORE THE JELLY-COVERED SACK OF MY GROIN-NUT!!
MY NUT!!
ON THE HOME PLANET.
I DIG JUICE.
Z!
I WILL GROW A POMERDOR, REGARDLESS OF HOW IT'S SPELLED!!
WELL DIP ME IN CHICKEN BROTH AND SUCK ME DADDY!! ARGH!!
KILL IT!!
BOOM
HERECOME MORE OF THE NOODLIENS!!! THEY HAVE URINE FOR BLOOD, SO I WATCH OUT..
THEY'RE COMIN OUTTA THE GODDAMNED WALLS!!
WHASSUP, G!!
HISSSS.. GRR
AAIIII!! THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM!! THEY'RE IN MY BUTT!! MY BUUUUTT!!
GREASE UP DA PIG, LOOFER, I'S GOING IN!!! SUFFER YOU MY VAGINAL DISCHARGE!! CRUNCHBERRY!!!
I FIGHT ALONE, BUT AT LEAST I'M GONNA DIE!!
SCREECHCH!
BLAM
BLAM
LOOK AT ALL THESE EGGS!! THIS MUST BE THE NEST!! THIS IS REALLY STUPID.
HISSSSS!! HERSSSS!! SQUEEZY CHEESE!
THE QUEEN THEN GIVES BIRTH TO A REALLY SHITTY LOOKING NOODLE HYBRID, AND THE COMIC GETS EVEN WORSE.
GRRR! I AM SHITTY!! LICK ME!!
LATER, AT THE CAR RACE
FIZZY NECK WARP PISSES ON BUMPY GROIN PIT!! I FEEL LIKE CHICKEN TONIGHT, YOU FUCKING PEZ CRUMB!! DON'T MAKE ME TURN THIS CAR AROUND!!! THEM'S CRABS, WILLY!!
I LOVE YOU DADDY.
GOD MY HEAD HURTS
I PLAY MEAT BOY WITH THE NEIGHBOR'S BABY. I PLAY MEAT BOY A LOT. I LIKE MEAT BOY.


DREAMTIME?
TRY THE STEW... EEZ DEELISHUS..
I AM THE EVIL MONKEY WHAT LIVES IN YOUR NUTS!
THE ANTS WATCH ME.
YOU READ MY STUFF...
I HAVE THE NUTS...
EAT MY POOKY!
BARLEY STINK...

ENTER MY SPOOKY DOOMPIT!!!

STUFF YOU CAN LIVE WITHOUT BUT SHOULD KILL TO HAVE!!!

JHONEN T-SHIRTS: 1. JTHM - NNY on front, heiroglyphics on back. 2. Happy Noodle Boy - Noodle Boy face on front, many Noodle Boys on back. 3. Roadkill Tour Shirt - NNY & Noodle Boy in car on front, Squee in car & Tour dates on back (available in Large & Extra-Large ONLY!). 4. Squee - Squee on front, big Squee! wrinting on back. ***All shirts are black with white ink and are two sided. All shirts except Roadkill come in Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. Please specify size when ordering. All shirts are $15.95 each.***

POSTERS: The covers of JTHM *1, *3, and *4 are available as posters (without the price and company logo), $9.95 each. Please specify which poster you want. COMICS: All seven issues of JTHM and all four issues of SQUEE! are available for $2.95 each. Also: Bad Art Collection - $1.95, JTHM: Director's Cut SC Collection $19.95, JTHM Director's Cut HC Collection $29.95, JTHM Special Edition $20.

TO ORDER: Send check or money order to SLG Publishing, 325 South First Street, Suite 301, San Jose, CA, 95113. Please include $2.50 for the first shirt and $1.00 for each additional shirt for postage and handling. For comics, include $1.75 for the first and 25¢ for each additional. Poster shipping is $2.00 for up to ten posters. You can also order with a credit card by calling the toll free # below.

TRAUMA

It would seem that many of you interpreted the previous NOISE section in a very bad way. You are worng to think the things you did, and deserve to be beaten with your own legs. See, I am NOT giving up on comics!! You silly rabbits!! What I was trying to say was that I am giving up on LIFE. See? It all makes sense now, doesn't it? Yessss, I have grown weary of existence in general and have decided to destroy my corporeal being in hopes that I may be a free roaming supernatural Jhonen-ghost, and possess stuff. But before I do that, I think I will live a few more hundred years, still doing comics whenever, and wherever I can. Comics give me one of the few opportunities to completely rule over a world and make it my own, without the intrusion and irritation of having to compromise with any other thinking creatures. It's the one place where I can blow up kids and make fun of shit, myself included, and not give a fuck if someone thinks I'm doing it the wrong way. I don't do these books because I'm a cartoonist, i do them because I refuse to let that insane, screaming kiddy-Jhonen die from exposure to the real world. It's like when you see those people on the dancefloor gyrating around like a dying babboon - they know they can't dance worth shit, but they're out there just enjoying the motion of it all, regardless of what people think. So here's what's coming up in the dark and stinking future of my mental vomit productions: I'll probably already be working on the full color Devi book with my friend Rikki Simons, who has given into temptation and destroyed his spare time with a Playstation. he is a better person now. Living in Los Angeles has only fueled my desire to get to work on the new JTHM series that has been burning in my head for the past year or so. It's gonna be one dreary work of comic fun, so I'm sure the NNY fans will hate it. YEEEHAWW!! Self destructive mother fucker is me. I've also wanted to just write a sci-fi comic and have someone else illustrate it, though I'm not sure when that will happen. All throughout these things, I'm also working on this damned life sucking animated series thing. I'll let you know how that goes. Pleasant something, people.

YOU WILL ALL BURN
IN HƎLL
Thɘrɘ is a rɘason this ad and phonɘ# arɘ hɘrɘ, and yɘt far too many of you still writɘ to ask how you can find Slavɘ Labor comics, TOO MANY, so you hɘar mɘ?! For this unforgivablɘ act upon your part, you will rot and burn, and thɘn you'll rot somɘ morɘ. Salvation from this damnation is yours simply by doing this onɘ thing: CALL THƎ STINKING PHONƎ NUMBƎR if you want to ordɘr our rubbish.
You sickɘn mɘ.
1-800-866-8929
TOLL FRƎƎ (for wɘ filthy AmɘrIcan pigs)

I AM BEING MOVED